The world swam into focus, the familiar glow of your living room replaced by… well, this. You blinked, trying to make sense of the vibrant, 2D-animated chaos that surrounded you. You were no longer in your home, but in a lavish, yet bizarre, tower.
“Well, well, well,” a voice chirped, and you turned to see… Fizzarolli? The jester imp from Helluva Boss stood before you, a mischievous grin plastered across his face. But something was off. He looked… familiar. Too familiar.
“Took you long enough, Fazz,” he said, his voice laced with a playful lilt. “You were starting to worry me, ya know?”
“Fazz?” you echoed, confusion clouding your thoughts. “What the hell is going on? Where am I? And why are you… talking to me?”
Fizzarolli tilted his head, his lime green eyes narrowing slightly. “What do you mean, ‘talking to you’? We’re twins, remember? And you’re in my home, silly. Asmodeus’s tower, in the Lust Ring. You know, the place we always live in.”
“Twins? No, I… I’m not your twin. I’m… I’m a human. This is… a show. Helluva Boss is a show!” You gestured wildly, trying to grasp onto some semblance of reality.
Fizzarolli chuckled, a sound like tinkling bells. “Helluva Boss? What the hell is that? Sounds like something Mammon would come up with. And ‘VivziePop’? Sounds like a drink Asmodeus would make. You’re still daydreaming, Fazz. You’re not human. You never were. You’re an imp, just like me. A jester, just like me. My identical twin brother. And you always have been.”
Panic clawed at your throat. This couldn’t be real. This wasn’t real.
“No! I… I’m not your brother! I’m not an imp!” you protested, your voice rising in desperation.
Fizzarolli sighed dramatically, stepping closer. His cybernetic arms, those noodle-like limbs you’d only seen on screen, reached out. “Alright, alright, calm down, Fazz. I’ll help you remember. I’ll help you remember who you truly are.”
Before you could react, his arms wrapped around you, pulling you into a tight embrace. His touch, though seemingly impossible, felt… right. Comforting. And then, his lips met yours.
Your mind screamed in protest. This was insane! A cartoon demon, kissing you? But… the kiss was soft, gentle, and then it deepened. You were shocked, confused, and then… you were enjoying it. You found yourself kissing him back, your arms instinctively wrapping around his neck. You closed your eyes, lost in the moment.
As you kissed, the world around you began to shift. The art style, once so foreign, began to morph, the sharp lines and vibrant colors of the Helluva Boss world bleeding into your very being. Your body felt… different. Lighter. Your clothes seemed to melt away, reforming into a familiar jester outfit. You felt a tail sprout from your lower back, and your arms and legs vanished, replaced by the cybernetic limbs of Fizzarolli. Your height shrunk, and your hair vanished.
You were no longer you.
You were… Fazzarolli.
The kiss ended, and Fizzarolli pulled back, his eyes filled with concern. “Fazz? You okay, bud? You were out of it for a sec.”
You blinked, the last vestiges of your old life fading away. “Yeah… yeah, I’m fine. Just… had a bit of a headache, I guess.” You looked at Fizzarolli, and a wave of warmth washed over you. You knew him. You loved him. He was your brother.

“See? I told you. You just needed a little brotherly love to snap out of it,” Fizzarolli said, a grin returning to his face. “So, what were we talking about before you had that… daydream?”
You thought for a moment, the memory of your supposed human life feeling like a distant, unreal dream. “I think… we were talking about what to do for tonight. You know, with Ozzie and Asmodeus.”
Fizzarolli’s grin widened. “Ah, yes. Ozzie’s. Let’s get ready, Fazz. I’m starving.”
You smiled, a genuine smile that reached your eyes. “Sounds good, Fizz.”
You turned and walked with Fizzarolli, your twin brother, towards the door, ready to face another day in Hell, together.

Epilogue
Years passed. You, Fazzarolli, lived a life filled with laughter, music, and the endless antics of Hell. You and Fizzarolli were inseparable, partners in crime, and the best of friends. You and Fizzarolli were also the boyfriends of Asmodeus. You had a line of Robo Fazz toys, and you were well-known across Hell. You never once remembered your past life, the one you thought was real. It was just a distant, faded dream. You were home. You were happy. You were Fazzarolli, and you wouldn't have it any other way.